

ed fire on my automobile between Toltec and Walsenburg. Tuesday the militia, men wearing the uniform of the state of Colorado, but as much in Rockefeller's employ as the gunmen, arrived in Walsenburg. They boasted they were going to take "The Hogback" and wear "Rednecks," their derisive name for the strikers, as watch-charms. We heard of that; we swore we would die rather than give Rockefeller's murderers a chance to turn their machine guns on our women and children.

"The Hogback" is three miles long. We held the top of it. We only had one hundred armed men there. They crouched behind the rocks. The position was practically impregnable.

There were two hundred and fifty militiamen. There were over one hundred mine guards. They had nine machine guns. We had the advantage of position, but they outnumbered us, they had the machine guns, and were better organized.

The men under me are as brave as any in the world. They wouldn't work in dusty mine pits if they weren't. But they don't know our ways. And they speak in many languages. It was because I thought that I might be able to organize them so that they could protect their camp that I joined them. All they need is organization to become great soldiers.

There wasn't any chance of the militia coming up the face of the hill. The hill looks right down on Walsenburg, and they'd have to come up in the face of our fire in order to take it.

So they tried to flank us. Two detachments of militia, both with machine guns, tried to take us in the right and left flank. Major P. P. Lester, an officer of the state Red Cross, who should have been a non-combatant, led the militia who tried to turn our left flank. He was killed there.

It was not until Wednesday afternoon that Adjutant General Chase,

commanding the Colorado state militia, called me up and asked for a truce. I agreed to it. I had hard work to keep my men from continuing. They had been betrayed by the militia so often, that they do not trust them even in a truce.

They didn't start the battle. The militia fired the first shot. They had been shooting at us for two days. They were the aggressors throughout. They meant to drive us back to our camp—and that might mean Ludlow.

The militia had a cannon in addition to their three machine guns. They had constructed it at the mine forges. I don't know whether they shot anything from it or whether they simply set it off with giant powder to scare our men. I think they shot pieces of iron and chain, but they didn't do any damage.

And it didn't scare anybody. Men don't scare very easy when they're fighting to keep other men from shooting up and burning their homes.

And that's what I honestly believe would have happened if we'd lost the day.

The militia fired a steady stream of lead at us. Bullets spattered against the rocks. They whizzed by in the air. They kicked up the dust by our faces.

And all the time the machine guns kept up a persistent tattoo. There's something pretty about the sound of a machine gun. It's so regular. But it isn't pretty when it's turned against you.

All day long I heard that steady br-r-r-r-r and listened to the bullets whizz around me.

We suffered, but we only lost one man. He was killed by our own men. He lost his "uniform"—a white handkerchief tied around the left arm. He walked into a party of our men, still carrying his rifle. They took him for a Rockefeller gunman. Eleven bullets found his body. Two other of our men were wounded.

I think it's all over now. The fed-